

November 18, 2016

Judge I. Leo Glasser
United States District Judge
Eastern District of New York
225 Cadman Plaza East
Brooklyn, New York 11201

Re: United States v. Gregg Mulholland, et al.
Case No. 14-cr-476 (S-1) (ILG)

Dear Judge Glasser;

I write this letter trying to explain just how sorry I am, where I strayed, and how badly I wish I had not made the catastrophic decisions I did; has left me struggling for powerful words that will accurately describe the monumental depth of my regret and remorse.

While I'm sure there will be no possible way for me to capture the enormity of my regret and remorse for all my actions, I only hope and pray that I can give you even the tiniest glimpse of the man I am, and how immensely sorry I am for all I have done. To apologize, and take complete responsibility for any and all aspects of the crime I am guilty of; I have to build my apology on the foundation of my overwhelming regret and remorse for everyone and anyone I may have hurt or affected, directly or indirectly by any, and all of my inexcusable actions.

Even though I approached the government, first to cooperate in any way that I could, and then went through a complete financial proffer, informing them about every single penny, and asset I had, where they were, and exactly how to get them; regardless of the devastation to my wife and little girls---to take full and complete responsibility, I have to admit my guilt to so much more.

Because of my stupidity, poor decision making, arrogance, ignorance, and idiotic choices, I have obliterated a life of dedication, and discipline; with my catastrophic behavior. There is no excuse for what I have done, and there is not one minute of one day, that I don't regret the choices that I made; which is only made worse by knowing that this should have never happened.

I remember the actual day in 2010 that I was introduced to Legacy Global Markets, and its legal compliance officer, Terry Turner. Ironically it was right about that same time that I was offered a great job, just after the birth of my first daughter; with one of the world's largest toy manufacturers. Choosing, instead to work with Legacy Global Markets, and represent foreign clients was a horrific decision, I will never forgive myself for. No matter how hard I try; the guilt and remorse I feel for everything I have done and the mistakes I have made consumes my every thought. Dejected, shattered, and heart-sick barely describes how sorry I am, and how much I regret my choices.

The ridiculous path I chose, has also made me guilty of hurting friends, family, and inflicting an unimaginable burden on the ones I love the most. While my parents now in their mid-70's should be enjoying their retirement and grandchildren after more than 50 years of back breaking labor, I have left them emotionally decimated, and disappointed. These are the same people that taught me the difference between right and wrong, and to follow ALL the rules; NOT sometimes, but ALL the time.

Straying from this course led by my arrogance and greed is a sickening realization that still bombards my moral compass leaving me utterly ashamed with my choices. The excruciating pain of my horrific decisions is a constant reminder of the life of success, and achievements I wiped-out, in what seems like a blink of an eye, after so much effort. Successes- personally professionally and even athletically:

- an amazing wife, marriage, and beautiful children
- a wonderfully close family, and group of friends
- playing hockey through the Canadian AAA system
- playing rugby and the highest levels in both the US and Canada
- winning championships, and countless most valuable player awards
- creating hundreds if not thousands of jobs with private businesses I created and ran, all without debt.

For this my conscious causes me to relive the enormity of my senseless stupidity without reprieve leaving me disgusted and disappointed with myself. Though to know that I am the one who let down these kind, honest, loving people - that struggled just to put food on the table while my brother and I were oblivious to their selfless sacrifice, is a dagger of guilt that twists deeper and deeper without relenting.

"I'm sorry" doesn't even begin to scratch the surface of the regret and remorse I feel for all my actions. I wish I possessed two words that were bigger, and meant, infinitely more than, just "I'm sorry."

Though even this is exceeded by the guilt and regret I bear for what I have done to the most wonderful woman I know and our two little girls. After 16 years of a love story that could have come from the pages of a sappy romance novel and 10 amazingly happy years of marriage, I am continually reminded of the pain I am responsible for causing and continue to cause because of my actions. I took my vows and the honor of being a good husband more serious than anything ever in my life, yet when my wife; Delia blessed me with two beautiful babies - I took that gift with an even greater conviction - degree of purpose, and poured my heart and soul into it.

Being a Daddy to those two little angels became my everything. The full magnitude of this is explained by knowing, that when [REDACTED] was just 14 months old, my wife and I noticed significant developmental delays that caused us to take her to a host of specialists who eventually confirmed our worst fears. Though believing that discipline and courage, along with our faith was the bridge between goals and achievements my wife and I banded together and resolved that we would do everything that we could to avoid a clinical diagnosis. This was to ensure that [REDACTED] had every opportunity to live a normal life, and that is exactly what we did. After hundreds of hours of research and visits to specialists that had no exact answers about Autism or Aperger's Syndrome

we began: We started, Physical therapy, occupational therapy, and speech therapy, often exceeding 30 hours per week. My wife nor I ever missed a session and soon included [REDACTED] so it became a normal family event instead of the intense work it was. We have come a light year since then, but it requires a lifetime of love, patience, understanding, and complete family effort to see it through.

Knowing that I have left, [REDACTED], her sister [REDACTED], and my wife alone with the full weight of the world crashing around them while I am left to watch and do nothing - brutally aware it's my fault; is a gut wrenching torture beyond what I could have imagined in my worst nightmares.

The guilt, remorse, and regret I feel for what I have done, consumes every minute of every day, and haunts my nights. Unable to afford, to travel from Western Canada in the wake of my financial proffer, it's been 541 excruciating days since I've seen either [REDACTED] or [REDACTED] or held them in my arms. Prior to this there was rarely day in either one of their lives that I didn't start with soft kisses, or a night that my wife and I didn't end with a bedtime story, and more of those soft kisses.

Aware of what I have done, and the horrific mistakes, and the monumentally bad decisions I have made uncontrollably triggers the calculation of how much more damage, and hurt I will cause:

- [REDACTED] now 7yrs old -- plus how much pain, how much regression, after we have come so far with her therapy...
- [REDACTED] now 6yrs old -- plus how many scars, how many tears..

Because of this I can't help but condemn myself for the additional crimes I always despised most. Being a dead-beat Dad, absentee parent, and a disaster of a husband... I am now the anchor that is drowning my family instead of the anchor of safety and security I promised them with all my heart. This guilt sends panic, and terror scorching though every recess of who I am, and yet the guilt of what I have done won't let me breathe. Knowing that my actions have failed those, innocent little girls, my wife, my family, and others, I might not know - eats at me with a merciless guilt that tears minute my minute, at the fabric of everything I am and everything good I, always aspired to be.

Worse: The slap in the face of "I'm sorry" or a million "I'm sorry(s)" will never begin to address the gravity of the regret and remorse I feel for being the cause, of this travesty.

I also have to apologize to you your Honor, your court, the prosecution along with Mr. Payes, and Ms. Kasulis, the US government, and even my own attorney who stuck with me through so much..

Sir: I write you now as a man truly ashamed, dejected, embarrassed, and deeply sorry for everything I have done, and everyone I have hurt, or affected, by any and all of my inexcusable actions, and idiotic choices. Choices that led me to the events that places me here today, begging for as much of my shattered life as you will allow to rebuild my family. To save my family. For a chance to get back home to Canada to try to be the best father, husband, son, and productive member of society I can be with whatever precious time you'll grant me to start repaying those I've hurt.

This time your Honor - I can promise you with the gravest of certainty - every second of everyday will be cherished, and never will one moment be squanders, wasted, or taken for granted.

Thank you again for this opportunity.

Respectfully,

Gregg Mulholland